

# Zombie

Aitch

Woah Kenny!

Pull it back I make it clap  
Fucking up the map  
Got me fillin up the MAC  
Shit the studio my trap  
Fiends knocking at my door, always tryna get a pack  
But you can't hear me rap if you ain't tryna spend some racks  
Feeling zombie from the cold, zombie from the yak  
I forgot my past yeah I can barely hold a chat  
Likkle man you lying pop shit, my contacts full of cats  
They don't ask me how I'm doing they're just on man for a track (Pussy's)

Rest in Peace to set man cause they're dead to me  
Ask me for a bring in but don't check for me  
Now man are in my DM's tryna lecture me bout how they can't see me in the Ve  
x with me  
Coming from a place where you get one shot  
Make it out or you blast a one pop  
Man start moving shady if it's on top  
Pray for all my brothers free my dons locked  
Used to have a point to prove  
Now I'm just a noisy yout  
Tell your little bitch to give a boy the boot  
Tryna make some money come and join the crew  
If not I'm avoiding you, leave me be just sit back and enjoy the view

Pull it back I make it clap  
Fucking up the map  
Got me fillin up the MAC  
Shit the studio my trap  
Fiends knocking at my door, always tryna get a pack  
But you can't hear me rap if you ain't tryna spend some racks  
Feeling zombie from the cold, zombie from the yak  
I forgot my past yeah I can barely hold a chat  
Likkle man you lying pop shit, my contacts full of cats  
They don't ask me how I'm doing they're just on man for a track (Pussy's)

Back to work I get it in then I get out the gaff  
Got business to attend and if I've not I got a pound to splash  
Face is bait they know it's Aitch so I go round the back  
Linkin up with bae she make it clap should hear the sound of that  
Say they're on me got me creasing like some AF1's  
Said the cookies got me stinking up in Saint Laurent  
Swear they hate me on the day because the papers long  
But prick you're paying me my wages when you play the songs  
Take a flight I'm going out of the estates  
Just landed in LA with 50 thousand in my case  
Man had to catch the hands for getting rowdy in my face  
Now I'm a bigger man I just get out and walk away

Pull it back I make it clap  
Fucking up the map  
Got me fillin up the MAC  
Shit the studio my trap  
Fiends knocking at my door, always tryna get a pack  
But you can't hear me rap if you ain't tryna spend some racks

Feeling zombie from the cold, zombie from the yak  
I forgot my past yeah I can barely hold a chat  
Likkle man you lying pop shit, my contacts full of cats  
They don't ask me how I'm doing they're just on man for a track (Pussy's)